

*The history*

For time is like a fashionable hoast,  
That slightly shakes his parting guest by th' hand;  
And with his armes out-stretcht as he would flie,  
Grasps in the commer: the welcome euer smiles,  
And farewell goes out sighing. Let not vertue seeke,  
Remuneration for the thing it was. For beauty, wit,  
High birth, vigor of bone, desert in seruice,  
Loue, friendship, charity, are subiects all,  
To enuious and calumniating time.  
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,  
That all with one consent praise new-borne gaude,  
Though they are made and moulded of things past,  
And goe to dust, that is a little guilt,  
More laud then guilt ore-dusted.  
The present eye praises the present object.  
Then maruell not thou great and complet man,  
That all the Greekes begin to worship *Ajax*;  
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,  
That what stirs not. The crie went once on thee,  
And still it might, and yet it may againe,  
If thou wouldst not entombe thy selfe aliue,  
And case thy reputation in thy tent,  
Whose glorious deeds but in these fields of late,  
Made emulous missions amongst the gods themselves,  
And draue great *Mars* to faction.

*Achil.* Of this my priuacie,  
I haue strong reasons.

*Ulis.* But gainst your priuacie,  
The reasons are more potent and heroycall:  
Tis knowne *Achilles* that you are in loue  
With one of *Priams* daughters.

*Achil.* Ha? knowne.

*Ulis.* Is that a wonder:  
The prouidence thats in a watchfull state,  
Knowes almost euery thing,  
Findes bottom in the vncomprehensue depth,  
Keepes place with thought and almost like the gods,  
Do thoughts vnuale in their dumbe cradles.

There

*of Troilus and Cresseida.*

There is a myserie (with whom relation  
Durst neuer meddle) in the soule of state,  
Which hath an operation more diuine,  
Then breath or pen can giue expresseure to:  
All the commerce that you haue had with Troy,  
As perfectly is ours, as yours my Lord,  
And better would it fitt *Achilles* much,  
To throw downe *Hector* then *Polixena*.  
But it must grieue young *Pirhus* now at home,  
When fame shall in our Ilands sound her trumpe,  
And all the Greekish girls shall tripping sing,  
Great *Hectors* sister did *Achilles* winne,  
But our great *Ajax* brauely beate downe him:  
Farewell my Lord: I as your louer speake,  
The foole slides ore the Ice that you should breake.

*Patr.* To this effect *Achilles* haue I mou'd you,  
A woman impudent and mannish growne,  
Is not more loth'd then an effeminate man  
In time of action: I stand condemn'd for this  
They thinke my little stomach to the warre,  
And your great loue to me, restraines you thus,  
Sweete rouse your selfe, and the weake wanton *Cupid*,  
Shall from your neck vnloose his amorous fould,  
And like dew drop from the Lions mane,  
Be shooke to ayre.

*Ach.* Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector*.

*Patr.* I and perhaps receiue much honor by him.

*Achil.* I see my reputation is at stake,  
My fame is shrowdly gor'd.

*Patr.* O then beware.

Those wounds heale ill, that men do giue themselves,  
Omission to doe what is necessary,  
Seales a commission to a blanke of danger,  
And danger like an ague subly taints  
Euen then when they sit idely in the sunne.

*Achil.* Go call *Thersites* hether sweet *Patroclus*,  
He send the foole to *Ajax*, and desire him  
T'innite the Trojan lords after the combate,

G 3

To